

Some of the Best Illinois High School Poetry of 1954

FOREWORD

Congratulations, teachers, for the good job that you are doing in enlivening among your students an interest in creative writing. Selecting the best poems written by students during 1954 was a real task. More than five hundred poems on every conceivable subject were submitted. Some of these young writers, I think you will agree, show considerable promise.

Several teachers mentioned the interest that their students have taken in this state-wide contest. If your students did not contribute this year, acquaint them with what other students in the state are doing and encourage them to enter next year's competition.

PAULENE M. YATES, *Maine Township H. S.*

FALL

Asters on the golden hill
Gently sway and then are still.
The wind in the flaming trees is chill.
Fall is on its way.

Goldenrod lines the dusty roads.
Wagons are heavy with harvest loads.
A pod on the milkweed stalk explodes.
Fall is coming now.

Birds flock together, circle, and rise,
Flying south to sunnier skies.
Even the grackle, the laziest, flies.
Fall will be here soon.

Rain comes now with a steady beat,
Bending and breaking the stubble of wheat.
It covers the fields in a misty sheet.
Fall is on its way.

Now, Indian summer, a few warm days,
When hills are covered with purple haze.
Then summer is gone and autumn stays.
Fall is here at last.

The call of the geese in the night is loud.
From high in the mountains, a cold snow cloud
Comes over the hills like a dull gray shroud.
Fall is here to stay.

ELIZABETH JOAN ROBERTS, '57, Urbana H. S.
Rose Hewitt, teacher

DAWN

Low valleys and lakes
Are one great shadow.
Slowly brightening into a pale glow,
The timberline is bathed
In a shimmer of clouds.
Each shining peak casts a beam
Of spun gold
Tinged with red.
Dazzled by this shining glow,
I gaze silently, reverently upon it.
And as I gaze, the sky—
Its golden hour fast drawing to a close—
Fades slowly,
Its gilt edges melting,
Melting from the horizon
Into lovely,
Shimmering
Blue.

JANE PAIGE, '57, East H. S., Rockford
Adele Johnson, teacher

YOUTH

The old folks think that youth is grand
And reminisce of days since past.
But those who have the treasure now
Would like to grow up very fast.

CAROLYN PARSONS, '56, Moline H. S.
Robert D. Knees, teacher

AS SEEN BY THE HEART

The sky is gray ; and here and there a star
Still twinkles bright, though fast it fades away
Outshone by heaven's greatest star, the sun.
The light of dawn reflects its brilliance on
The mountain crest and lights each crag and nook
That faces to the east. Majestic peaks,
Withstanding heat and wind and rain and snow,
Cannot be equalled by the work of man.
Nor can the beauty of the cataract
Be copied by his clumsy hand to grace
The quiet of the mountain air as it
Was meant to do. Such golden notes as come
With dawn's first light can not be formed but in
The throats of golden birds. The voice of bird,
The peaks so near to God's own gate that mist
Forms halos 'round their crown: such beauty and
Magnificence still often go unseen,
For man must judge not only with his eyes
But with his heart as well.

BARBARA ADLER, '56, Chicago Taft H. S.
Maybelle Capron, teacher

REMEMBERING

Remembering is like a water-filled colander,
I must say with despair.
For when I think I've remembered something,
I find there's nothing there.

BETTY MATTINGLY, '57, Chicago Christian H. S.
Gerda Bos, teacher

DILEMMA

Love is silly,
Love is sad,
Love is futile,
Love is mad ;
Love's a sorrow,
Love's a curse ;
But not to be
In love is worse.

SUE HUSTON, '55, York Community H. S., Elmhurst
R. M. Leader, teacher

FRAGMENT OF LIFE

A pleasant memory is a wistful glance at the past.
It crosses our minds
As a thin trail of smoke winds across the blue sky
On a summer day.
Memory exists as a panorama
Of lost experiences,
A treasure of precious moments which is to be found
By probing its deepest caverns.
The smallest, yet the most beautiful fragment of life
Can be found here.

PEGGY FRANK, '55, Evanston Township H. S.
Mary L. Taft, teacher

GOD'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

There's a whole lot more to Christmas
Than gifts, and joy, and song,
A Christmas feast, and ice and snow;
Though those things may belong.

It's love, and peace, and home, and friends
That make for Christmas joy;
Such things no wealth on earth can buy,
Nor poverty destroy.

But Christ left all of that, and more,
When He came down to earth;
And angels sang the news to men,
Announcing Jesus' birth.

"For God so loved"—the Bible says
He loved us everyone,
And to a world that's ruined by sin
God gave His only Son.

So may the message of His gift
Be real in every heart,
That all may know and honor Him
And from Him ne'er depart.

REX WHITE, '57, Barrington Community H. S.
Maude Strouss, teacher

ONE LITTLE STAR

We went along, my friend and I,
I strode through the grass, he sailed through the sky—
This one little star, alone in the night,
Blinking down at me with his tiny light.
In shy star whispers just half-aloud,
He begged me to climb the stair-step cloud.
But soon his skymates came out to play,
And he was lost in the milky way.

MARLENE BERG, '55, East H. S., Rockford
Adele Johnson, teacher

POETRY

My soul sings its song in black and white—
My heartbeats fall onto the paper—
My very thoughts are stretched out
For all to see,
Measure, weigh, and judge.
And this is what the world calls poetry.

JANNA SMITH, '57, Lyons Township H. S., LaGrange
Josephine Allen, teacher

SMOKE

Smoke is like a river.
It twists and turns as it drifts idly on and on;
Then it is lost in the heavens
As the river is lost in the sea.

JUDITH PETERSON, '57, Decatur H. S.
Helen Stapp, teacher

MY CHOICE

California has sunshine,
Switzerland has snow,
The lakes of Killarney
Are beauties, I know.
England has castles
And towers and such,
And Holsteins and dikes
Are the pride of the Dutch.

There's Paris in France,
 The bullfighters in Spain,
 But I would be happy
 To come home again.
 For there is my heart
 In the state I love best.
 I'll take Illinois,
 You can have the rest.

VIRGINIA OLSON, '55, Mt. St. Mary Academy, St. Charles
 Sister Marie Martha, teacher

CANADIAN NOVEMBER

The first snow lies cold and grey upon the ground,
 A patchwork quilt, still untransformed to the noble white of winter,
 the king.
 An awed silence lies upon the forest, broken now by creaking trees.
 Old men with nightcaps patched white, who yawn before their
 winter's nap.
 Here a squirrel chatters angrily at a marauder fox,
 Stalking quietly through the woods, hoping to surprise an unwary
 grouse.
 Elsewhere the bear growls uneasily, and searches for a den,
 Deep enough to hold back the icy reach of winter.
 A tenseness, felt by all, is in the air,
 Canadian November is uneasy;
 A restless pause in the everlasting race of life.

MIKE CHAMBERLIN, '55, Evanston Township H. S.
 Mary L. Taft, teacher

FOOTSTEPS

The footsteps echoed emptily
 Down the narrow, foggy street,
 Echoed back to the straining ears
 Of a man, enveloped in memories . . .
 He remembered how he had waited
 Just a few months ago,
 Waited, so sure that she would come
 If he'd just be patient . . .
 He remembered how his interest had
 Quickened at each passing tread

Only to die again as the steps
Faded into the night . . .
He remembered how she had looked
When she first stepped out of the fog
And how, with a few short words
She had told him
And toppled the golden pedestal
From which he had viewed the world.
Now he listened to the footsteps—
Her footsteps—
Echoing emptily, mockingly—receding
Down the narrow, fog-laden street.

LESLIE WARE, '55, West Senior H. S., Rockford
Maud E. Weinschenk, teacher

ADVENTURER

Discounted
with the routine of life,
A man
seeks an extraordinary experience,
a glimpse of excitement,
a fleeting joy,
a flight into fancy.
Time surges on
tearing these apart,
leaving only
the memory of the routine
And its priceless security.

SANDRA WARCZAK, '56, St. Mary of Perpetual Help H. S., Chicago
Sister Mary Peter, teacher

THE WIND

The cold north wind is a blaring trumpet,
Shouting of struggle and hate.
The warm south breeze is a strumming guitar,
Speaking of love and a mate.

ELLA NELL MAJOR, '57, Lyons Township H. S., LaGrange
Josephine Allen, teacher

SCHOONERS IN THE SKY

Toward the dusky horizon, toward the western sky,
A fleet of clouds go skimming like schooners sailing by.

Tossing, rolling, climbing so high into the blue,
Like a mighty clipper ship, a ship without a crew.

On and on they sail in a twisted, sinuous trail
As the balmy winds fill up their snow-white sail.

Following close behind the ship that's in the lead,
Up above the whole wide world onward they speed.

Speeding on across the sky, knowing not their plight,
Till all is turned to darkness, and they disappear from sight.

CHARLES BUNDY, '57, Kinmundy-Alma H. S.
Ruby O'Dell, teacher

THE OCEAN

O great and mighty ocean
I hear your bellows roar.
Your waves I see a-tossing
While above you sea gulls soar.

You're known for cruel injustice
And a man would rather roam
The hot deserted prairie,
Than to make your bed his home.

Your wild raging tempest
Is feared by all mankind.
You know not how to pity,
Or to ease the heart and mind.

I hear you, mighty ocean,
With your wild and haunting call,
But I'll pass you heeding only
The warnings of the gull.

MARY LOU GRIFFIN, '56, Joliet Township H. S.
Mary Ryan, teacher

DREAM

I wish that some day I may find a spot
 Where all is as it was meant to be.
 There I shall wander and drink in all that is around me.
 Pale pink cups turned to the sun streaming through the woodland
 Announce the wild geranium. They stand in delicacy,
 Never trodden by the foot of man.
 The place is cool and quiet where the wood mouse returns
 To his nest under a mossy log. In my dream I walk
 In the faintly pungent scent of ginger, crushed by my shoes.
 Overhead a jay jeers, mildly disturbed by my presence.

There beside me, a beetle
 Scurries his six-legged way through the pussy-toes.
 A shrike swoops off the limb of a solitary oak
 To pick up an unwary mouse; then back it wings to the thicket
 Where hungry mouths wait, ever open.

There the blue camas grows, once food for the red man,
 Now called a weed. A lone hawk spirals above, ever vigilant.
*Why does man think of woodland as lumber, of fields as factory
 sites?*

Why can not things be as they once were, as they were meant to be?

JOSEPH WEISE, '55, J. Sterling Morton H. S., Cicero
 Marjorie Diez, teacher

SHADES

There are those uncommon men
 Knowing not the night or day,
 Knowing not the moment when
 Each divides in its own way.

There are those uncommon ones
 Knowing well that black and white
 Sometimes diffuse, and greys and duns
 Emerge for keener, surer sight.

Still more rare are those who can
 See beyond the greyest hue,
 Seeing that in every man
 Subtler shades are running through.

Oh, to have the knowledge true
 That life itself's a rainbow hue!

FREDA WISCHOEFFER, '55, York Community H. S.
 R. M. Leader, teacher

FATED

Painted trees, a whispered breeze, the day strolls on with lazy feet.
Through clouds piled high the sun rolls by, warming earth with
gentle heat.

Smoke winds through the misty blue, the fragrant air is clear and
light.

The warm earth waits for the stroke of fates, for frost may kill its
heart tonight.

KATHY COOK, '55, Evanston Township H. S.
Mary L. Taft, teacher

THE POEM

The freight train passed in perfect time,
Lacking only words and rhyme.

LOWELL ANTENEN, '55, University H. S., Normal
Ruth Stroud, teacher

SNOWFALL

I love to see the snowflakes fall
And cover all the ground;
The earth so white
Lights up the night
And softens every sound.

When morn awakes to view the scene
That glistens clear and bright;
Then children come
All set for fun
And laugh with sheer delight.

BETTY MIRR, '58, Alleman H. S., Rock Island
Sister Louise, O.S.B., teacher

CYPRESS TREES

The swamp land cypress trees
Are wise, silent, old men
With unkempt beards

Of gray-green
Spanish
Moss—
Ancient men
With gnarled limbs,
Still standing straight,
Their backs unbent by the
Burdens and cares of a century.

JOAN HICKOK, '55, West Senior H. S., Rockford
Maud E. Weinschenk, teacher

CINQUAIN

(with apologies to Adelaide Crapsey)

These be
Three noisy things:
The screaming of a child . . .
The wind upon a winter's night . . .
And wives.

RICHARD BALSTRODE, '55, Naperville H. S.
Leona McBride, teacher

CHRISTMAS

"Please tell me what is Christmas,"
A child to me once said.
As I happily but wearily
Tucked her into bed.

I pondered o'er her question
Just so that I could find
A complete yet simple answer
To suit her childish mind.

With her tiny face before me
I clasped her little hand.
I brushed a golden curl aside
Then slowly I began.

"One dark night so long ago
When snow was on the ground,
Two weary strangers asked for room
But none was to be found.

"The kind innkeeper said to them,
'Come with we if you will ;
There is both hay and shelter
In the cave on yonder hill.'

" 'Twas in that dirty lowly cave
The King of Kings was born ;
God's own little baby Son
Had come to us that morn.

"All the while 'twas bleak and cold,
Then angels broke the still
Singing 'Glory to God on high
And peace to men of good will.'

"Shepherds who were watching near
Saw an angel bright
Who told them of the Savior's birth
In Bethlehem that night.

"There also were three Wise Men
Who, watching from afar,
Were led unto the holy place
By a bright and shining star."

As petal eyelids began to fall,
I gazed at this child so fair ;
"Happy birthday, Baby Jesus !"
Was her whispered childish prayer.

MARY VANDERVENNETT, '58, Alleman H. S., Rock Island
Sister Louise, O.S.B., teacher

SMOKE

The curving, gray fingers of smoke rise upward from
The pile of newly raked leaves.
Up to the tree where now lies barren,
The summer abode of a robin now gone southward.

Up, still higher the fingers now point to the
Window that once was a frame for a still-life scene.
Now the scene is alive for Johnny is sitting
Bent over his books kept closed in the summer.

Higher yet the fingers are extended to meet
The cool, crisp winds descending to earth.
These deft fingers, once clearly definable
Combine with the elements to appear no more.

DORIS OLSON, '55, Evanston Township H. S.
Mary L. Taft, teacher

INSPIRATION

It began as a mere ripple
And flowed along as
Smoothly as a spider
Spins a web.
Its seeming unimportance
Took me unaware.

Strength grew in it as it
Gathered exuberance and
Sympathy . . .
Lilting phrases of mood
Struck chord that became
Pulses, slow at first, then fast.

I could not bear the
Force of it and
Finally—not as the sky
Flashes lightning—but as
Pheasants flush from marsh grasses, as
Silver rhythm holds its audience—
I gave forth the golden song,
A prelude to creation.

ARLENE HAUBRICH, '55, Niles Township H. S.
Priscilla Baker, teacher

PROGRESS

No artist with a brush will ever make
A picture perfect as the sunset's glow ;
No writer's pen can ever undertake
To reproduce a mountain's rock and snow.

Perfection is a goal we cannot reach;
 We stumble and forget our hopes and dreams.
 In all our earthly acts and thoughts and speech
 Are flaws and failings, base and stupid schemes.

But these need not and must not stop our growth,
 Our striving for a new and better life;
 Destructive wars and minor conflicts both
 Can force our thoughts to rise beyond our strife.

To life we must give all we have to give,
 Or else we can exist but cannot live.

RICHARD DUDLEY, '55, Bloom Township H. S.
 Sara J. Fernald, teacher

TANKA

Africa is as
 Mysterious and secret
 As lovely women
 When beheld by lonely men
 Who cannot hope to reach them.

KENNETH QUALKENBUSH, '56, Naperville Community H. S.
 Dorothy Scroggie, teacher

POEM BASED ON A QUOTATION FROM EMERSON

'Tis man's perdition to be safe,
 When for the truth he ought to die;
 To sit at home in luxury while
 Others for his freedom sigh.

If there's a truth worth fighting for,
 A something you believe,
 Then go and join the ranks at war,
 Mind not the things you leave.

LOIS ADELMAN, '56, Niles Township H. S.
 Doris Tillmann, teacher

A PRAYER

Oh, Christ, the Son of Mary,
On bended knee we pray,
That You will guide us patiently
Through each and every day.
We, like sheep, will wander ;
Please don't let us go astray.

JANICE BURRUS, '58, Centennial J.H.S., Decatur
Helen Hunsinger, teacher

EPIGRAM

Drive down the right side ; go slow on the corner ;
Or you'll be the corpse instead of the mourner.

DEAN HAYES, '55, Naperville H. S.
Leona McBride, teacher

A REPTILE'S REMORSE

If I could only be like him,
All wrapped so tight around a limb.
Ten feet or more from tail to nose ;
It makes me wonder how he grows.
To stop and look at his huge size,
Makes respect within me rise ;
For if you unsuspectingly,
Took a walk beneath his tree,
He might drop from branches high
And crush you till you ceased to cry.
There are no steps that I could take,
To save you from that awful fate,
For I am just a garden snake.

DENNIS BALGEMANN, '56, Grant Park H. S.
Reta Haldorson, teacher

MOONRISE

The maiden moon
Is rising in the east
Dressed in scarlet
By the sun.

She pauses ;
 Stars guide her.
 The crimson robe drops
 And slips from sight.
 The maiden moon
 Is carved ivory.
 All grace and ease,
 She slides
 Into the velvet lake
 Of the heavens
 And swims
 With silent strokes
 Toward the western shore.

STAN SHINALL, '55, University H. S., Normal
 Ruth Stroud, teacher

THEY'RE ALL THE SAME

I despise them all ;
 They're all the same.
 They ask for your phone number ;
 They want your name.
 You wait for their call ;
 You wait for 'em to come.
 They'll stand you up ;
 Then call you dumb.
 You pace the floor,
 You tear your hair ;
 But the *boy*?
 He doesn't care.
 So all you gals
 Who want a romance,
 Remember . . .
 With a boy
 You haven't a chance.

HARRIET BUNTING, '55, West Senior H. S., Rockford
 Maud E. Weinschenk, teacher

MOON-MADNESS

I chased it down the silent streets
Full-blackened with the night.
I watched it ride a billowy cloud,
And disappear from sight.
It peeked at its reflection
In a silent pool of rain ;
Then dashed behind a chimney-stack,
And hid from sight again.
Full-bold, I drew it forth,
And was not a whit too soon.
Imprisoned on a fire-escape,
It clung. I caught the moon !

CLAUDETTE RUFFINO, '55, St. Mary H. S., Chicago
Sister Mary John Therese, B.V.M., teacher

LIFE

Life is a roller coaster ride,
Whose twists and dips are hard to take ;
In its dark tunnels men have died ;
Life is a roller coaster ride.
The breaks will shift from side to side
And even make the strongest quake ;
Life is a roller coaster ride
Whose twists and dips are hard to take.

ANN FAGAN, '55, Naperville H. S.
Leona McBride, teacher

SATURDAY NIGHT

It is Saturday night.
The King has said goodnight
In a flaming message of red and yellow,
And with all the majesty of his position
Has marched around the corner of the earth
To bed.

The mothers of his land have called
Hopalong Cassidy and Captain Video to supper ;
Called them in to supper smells and
The cozy companionship of the kitchen ;
Called them away from the night for which they are
Too young.

One by one the streetlamps
Snap to attention with a glow of golden light.
Ready for duty they stand undaunted,
Stiffly waiting, aloofly watching, daring the world to defy
Their authority.

Gaudy neon lights are laughing
At each other, their bizarre colors calling,
Flashing, pointing, shouting in their contest
Of brilliance.

Tiny metal beetles stream
Down the highways, their bright eyes and nasal voices
Insulting each other as they race
To nowhere.

Girls, lounging with practiced ease against the street signs,
Are beckoning with red mouths and tight sweaters
The boys who drift
Casually by.

Pausing for a moment in the treetops,
The winds plan their practical jokes :
What skirt to lift,
What hat to tip,
What garbage can to steal and fling rattling down the street.
Howling with delight they part
And whip through the streets on their missions
Of mischief.

Princess Moon slips from behind her blanket of clouds
And watches wistfully
The gaiety of the rowdy, laughing, shouting
World below.

Regal in their glory
Gentlemen and ladies of the heavenly court
Watch the brawling, gaudy, commoners below,
Watch disdainfully but a bit longingly the glitter
Of Saturday night.

JACKIE REUSSER, '55, University H. S., Normal
Verna Hoyman, teacher

THAT POOR LIPSTICK

Smothered in the bottom of a lady's purse,
Mangled and scratched till I'm ready to burst,
Rubbed on public buildings by an unwise boy,
Why, some people must think that I'm only a toy.

Some people paint me all over their lips.
Some buy expensive ones with jewels on the tips.
I come in assorted colors and shades.
Little girls use me, and even old maids!

VIRGINIA STONISCH, '55, Chicago Christian H. S.
Gerda Bos, teacher

WINTER MORNING

The world is lines and shadows etched in steel
In shades of silver-gray—the night is gone.
The sky is pale and shining in the dawn,
A silver carpet waiting for the sun
To rise. No breath of wind profanes the scene;
The world is still. It seems a photograph
Blown up and then suspended out in space,
A frozen mask to hide the pulse of earth
That now lies dormant, buried in the snow.

The trees stand black and bare against the hill,
Their branches touched with fingertips of frost.
The scattered houses in the lane are gray;
The snow is blended shades of gray and white.
The universe is shades of gray—but wait!
The sun will come and turn them all to gold!

BARBARA HARR, '56, Naperville Community H. S.
Dorothy Scroggie, teacher

GOLD

This is the gold I know :

The fierce and angry gold of fire,
scintillating sparks which streak
before the topaz eye slits
of my golden cat—

The soft blushing gold
of my baby sister's hair
echoing its magic
to me—

The metallic gold
of the noonday sun
transfixed in a cloudless sky—

The tawny gold
of late autumn leaves
swishing with each mystic breeze—

The regal gold
that sings out triumphantly
from the windows of my church—

And each dandelion, a golden blur,
placing its special mark
in my front lawn
of silent and filmy green.

This is the gold I know.

CATHERINE AMENDO, '56, East H. S., Rockford
Adele Johnson, teacher

TREASURES

Scrap of paper, piece of string,
Genuine Space Man's special ring,

Stub of pencil, tail from a kite,
Battery for a small flashlight,

A bit of chalk, a worn-out knife,
A frog long since departed from life,

Much-used bean shooter, wad of gum,
Live grasshopper, half-eaten plum,

Stones, candy, an ancient sling-shot,
Two pennies, a nail, a little what-not,

Piece of tape, a toy jet rocket,
All this can be found—
In one small boy's pocket.

GLORY RYAN, '56, Alleman H. S., Rock Island
Sister Mary Carlos, B.V.M., teacher

THE RAIN

The rain
Beats on the roof with a steady rhythm.
The wind howls through the trees
With an eerie sound.
And the cold, dark sky
Scowls down on the rain-soaked earth.

The people scurry about,
Their umbrellas and raincoats glistening
Against a grey background.
Only the steady flow of traffic
Breaks the monotonous drizzle of
The rain.

MARY DAVIS, '56, Bloomington H. S.
May English, teacher

MODERN DANCE

In modern dance,
I've heard it said,
One learns to prance
I've found instead
It makes me stiff!

Level and height
 Rhythm and space:
 I find I'm quite
 A sorry case.
 It makes me groan!

Our instructor
 Says we should learn
 To balance for
 A graceful turn.
 It makes me sore!

In spite of all
 My gripes and groans
 Now I can fall
 Without a moan.
 It's taught me poise!

DONNA MASSIE, '56, Bloomington H. S.
 Lorraine Kraft, teacher

MY FOUNTAIN PEN

I bought a dollar fountain pen;
 It scratches like a hungry hen.
 The genuine 14-carat point
 Writes as though it's out of joint.
 The patented vacuum-filler sac
 Seems to have a broken back.
 But the fountain part is all right, I think,
 'Cause the pen is always spouting ink.

RICHARD SELLARS, '56, Jacksonville H. S.
 Ruby Mann, teacher

THE WIND

Gentle in the dawn of spring,
 Wild in the fury of a storm.
 Cruel as it fans a fire's rage,
 Blessed as it cools the summer's heat.
 Fierce in whipping the snow,
 Tender as it bows a lily's head.

MARY ANN SCHWARTZ, '56, Alleman H. S., Rockford
 Sister Mary Carlos, B.V.M., teacher

FALL SOUNDS

Fall sounds, nestling among the aged trees,
The scratch of a wizened leaf,
Lashed across a crystal pane by the stirring whirlwinds,
A sound as clear as the tempera hues of the fiery leaves,
In the glory of late life,
Yet but a reminder of the passing time,
The infinite crackling of the fallen heralds,
Lying in somber repose upon the good black earth,
Yet but a reminder of the passing time.

MARK FEINGOLD, '55, Evanston Township H. S.
Mary L. Taft, teacher

LIFE CYCLE OF A STREET LIGHT

When I was very young, I'd fall asleep
While streaks of light would pierce my lonely room.
As I grew older through the years the light
Assumed for me a personality.

Absurd as it may seem, we often played
A game of sticks and stones. The object was,
As if you could not guess, to break the bulb
Whose beam of light, a sign that it was late
And I should be at home, had stopped my time
Of play. As years progressed I grew to think
Of the old light as standing watch for me
When I would walk alone toward home, the night,
A huge, black envelope enclosing me.

But I've been growing up while he's the same,
And now I do not like his spying ways
When I return—no longer all alone.
I often wish that he would cease to be.

MARILYN DOES, '56, Naperville Community H. S.
Dorothy Scroggie, teacher

A THANKSGIVING LIMERICK

There was a tom turkey in Shiving,
 Who was doomed to be cooked for Thanksgiving.
 Said the tom to his wife,
 "Since they're taking my life,
 They had better give thanks for my giving."

JANIECE AVERY, '56, Jacksonville H. S.
 Ruby Mann, teacher

THE VOICE OF MUSIC

Music speaks—

Dreamily, in Brahms' "Lullaby,"
 Lulling weary babes to fairy slumberland.
Thunderously, in "Anchors Aweigh" or "The Marine Hymn,"
 Stirring our hearts with patriotism for America.
Sorrowfully, in "Largo" and the mournful funeral dirge,
 Swelling our hearts with grief for the deceased!
Joyfully, in "The Waltz of the Flowers,"
 Bidding bodies sway to rhythmic melodies.
Romantically, in Mendelssohn's "Wedding March,"
 Binding true lovers in life-long unity.
Religiously, in "The Lord's Prayer,"
 Lifting our minds toward God and all that's good.

JUDY LAWRENCE, '55, Frankfort Community H. S., West Frankfort
 Velma O. Nave, teacher

SNOW TRAVELER

Razor sharp winds
 Slicing through
 My parka.
 Snow,
 Splintering steel,
 Cutting,
 Biting
 My face.
 I fall.
 A soft white blanket
 Covers me.

Now,
To rest my eyes.
Alas,
Eternal sleep.

STEPHEN FAIRBANKS, '55, University H. S., Normal
Ruth Stroud, teacher

THE KEEN-EYED OWL

All night long the keen-eyed owl
Hunts the woodland on the prowl.
Daylight finds him still and blinking
Very much as if he's thinking.
People say he's wise and deep;
Really, it's just lack of sleep.

DICK HANEWINCKEL, '57, York H. S.
Velma Walker, teacher

HONORABLE MENTION

Barrington: "The Sea," by Diane Lundquist; "The Feud," by Henry Palmer; "O, Son!" by Terrence Ogden (Maude Strouss).

Belleville: "Lovers' Prayer," by Betti Rudd (Madge Ream).

Bloomington: "Our Teacher," by Richard Leonard (Effie Sutton); "A Book," by Libbie Robinson; "Scottish Highlands," by Stephen D. Adams (May English).

Camp Point: "Autumn," by Ronnie Summers (Helen Wickcliffe).

Chicago: "Melancholia," and "Chicago Spring," by Claudette Ruffino; "The Restless Sea," by Betty Ellingsen (Sister Mary John Therese).

Chicago Heights: "Layman's View," by Margaret Bennett (William A. Shroyer).

Cicero: "I Stand Alone," by John Salkowski; "The Cane," by Carolee Lander (Marjorie Diez).

Decatur: "The Jolly Snowman," by Gary Workman; "Fairies," by Harvey Martin (Helen Hunsinger); "The Rain," by Bruce Kinsey; "Forsaken," by Nancy Alverson; "The Character from Mars," by Gene Long; "Day and Night," by Elizabeth Shaw (Sibyl Garrison).

Elmhurst: "Mirror," by Frieda Wischoeffler (R. M. Leader); "The Secret," by Rose Van Kirk; "Heaven on Earth," by Arlene Jensen (Joan Fuller); "Autumn Playlet," by Anna Mahler (Eleanor A. Davis).

- Evanston: "Tomorrow," by Marie Hudson; "The Mountain That Bears My Name," by Robert Nerem; "Slide Rule Alias Slipstick," by Lester Morris (Mary L. Taft).
- Galva: "Rain," by Marcia Hunt; "After School," by Kay Burcky; "A Strong Tree," by Ronnie Nelson; "I Am the Flag," by Marlene Stonberg (Mildred Lapan).
- Jacksonville: "Supersonic Santa," by Judy Lukeman (Ruby Mann); "Second Impression," by Charles Sample; "Night," by Jim Symons (Emma Mae Leonhard).
- LaGrange: "Unanswered," by Rosemary Sturtz (Kay Keefe); "Escape," by Anne Young; "Sonnet I," by Eleanor Magnuson (Josephine Allen); "Fog at Night," by Florence Marable (Aileen Daugherty); "Sky Impressions," by Linda Swanson (Eileen Powers).
- Marengo: "Boys," by Dorothy Kometani; "Ginger," by Joyce Kelly; "Latin," by Jon Doshier (Helen Stauble Tipps).
- Moline: "One Day," by Sally Hargrave (Robert D. Knees); "Suspicion," by Beverly Taylor (Bess Barnett); "The Vesper Bell," by Jim Linde (Marjorie A. Hendee).
- Naperville: "Cynic," by Barbara Harr; "Symbols," by Bonnie Pickett (Dorothy Scroggie); "Dress Parade," by Bill White; "Triolet," by Elsie Frederickson (Leona McBride).
- Normal: "Wind," by Mary Pittman; "A Woman's Tear," by Thomas D. Walters; "On Meeting a Blind Girl," by Phyllis Jean Sedgwick; "Autumn," by Bill Bach; "White Sand at Carmel," by Rowena Green (Ruth Stroud).
- Olney: "Circumstances," by Gerald Russell (Phyllis Hood).
- Pekin: "A Tree and Me," by Gloria Rebuffow; "The Return of Fall," by Marcia Smith; "The Day Is Born," by Joan Shaffer (Florence V. Diers); "Opportunity," by Barbara Ford (Helen Moore).
- Plainfield: "Christmas Eve," by Walda Estrup (Pauline Culbertson).
- Rockford: "New York Visit," by David Swanson; "Paper Problems," by Audrey Beasley (Adele Johnson); "The Ocean's Fury," by Mae Britt Ohrlin (Edna Youngquist); "Diana," by Joan Hickok (Maude Weinschenk).
- Rock Island: "The Warmth of Spring," by Vernon George (Carolyn Pierson Walker); "A Snowman," by Carole Angerer (Sister Louise); "Do You Like Spring?" by Judy Marshall (Sister Mary Joanna).
- St. Charles: "Illinois," by Marilyn Uline; "Contrast in Harmony," by Barbara Kempfert (Sister Marie Martha).

Streator: "Apologies to Stevenson," by Sally Moore; "Limerick 1," by Daniel Cebulko (Lucille Tkach); "Limerick," by Diane Bakalar (Faye Homrighous).

Urbana: "Old Desk," by Elizabeth Joan Roberts (Rose Hewitt).

Waynesville: "Thoughts for the Seasons," and "The Creator," by Mary Sue Chaudoin (Joanne Dittus).

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEETING

The Program Committee of the I.A.T.E. will meet in Chicago's Hotel Morrison at 7:30 p. m., Friday, March 18. The Executive Committee and District Leaders will meet in the same place at 9:30 a. m., Saturday, March 19, for a business session. Any member is invited to attend as a guest. At luncheon those present will enjoy a joint meeting with the English Club of Greater Chicago, in the Georgian Room of Carson, Pirie, Scott. A program on science fiction has been planned. Each year, any member of IATE is cordially invited by the Chicago Club to attend this joint meeting.

At its January meeting the Chicago Club heard a talk by Miss Verna Hoyman of ISNU on "Building Word Power." The vice president of the Club, Miss Ruth Stickle, reports that it now has over three hundred members, the largest number in its history.

PLAN YOUR SUMMER COURSES NOW FOR 1955

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

University of Illinois—June 20 - August 13, 1955

Courses for Undergraduates

- English 102. Introduction to the Drama—8 o'clock MTWTFS.
- English 103. Introduction to Fiction—9 o'clock MTWTFS.
- English 113. American Literature. Classic American Authors before the Civil War—9 MTWTFS.
- English 114. American Literature. Classic American Authors after the Civil War to the present—8 MTWTFS.
- English 121. Chief English Writers before 1800—10 o'clock MTWTFS.
- English 122. Chief English Writers of the 19th Century—11 o'clock MTWTFS.
- English 123. Chief Modern English Writers—8 o'clock MTWTFS.
- English 144. Contemporary Poetry—12 o'clock MTWTF (plus one additional hour to be arranged).

Courses for Advanced Undergraduates

- English 255. Survey of American Literature from 1677 to the Civil War. A comprehensive historical survey of American literature and its cultural background. 3 hours credit—8 o'clock MTWTF (plus additional hour). Altenbernd
- English 256. Survey of American Literature from the Civil War to the Mid-Twentieth Century. A comprehensive historical survey of

- American literature and its cultural background. 3 hours—
2-4 o'clock MWF. Paul
English 282. Development of the Modern Drama—Pirandello to the present.
3 hours—8 o'clock MTWTF (plus additional hour). Haskell

Courses for Advanced Undergraduates and Graduates

- English 311. Chaucer. 3 hours or $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 unit—9 o'clock MTWTF (plus additional hour). Stillwell
English 337. Studies in Shakespeare. Nine plays. Special attention given to the modern critical approach and to the principal Shakespearean critics. 3 hours or $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 unit—10 MTWTF (plus additional hour). Evans
English 338. Tragedy. Comparative study of masterpieces in several periods of western culture. Major emphasis on ancient Greek and Roman, and English Elizabethan and Stuart drama. 3 hours or $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 unit—11 MTWTF (plus additional hour). Evans
English 355. Survey of English Literature—from the beginning to 1700. 3 hours or $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 unit—1-3 TWT. French
English 356. Survey of English Literature—from 1700 to 1900. 3 hours or $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 unit—9 MTWTF (plus additional hour). Rogers
English 376. American Criticism and American Culture. This course examines the basic problem of the relation of literature to the Republic as a continuing historical issue; the idea of a national literature, the function of the artist in a democracy, the content and range of American criticism. The analysis centers on the major American critics. 3 hours or $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 unit—7-9 p.m. MTT. Paul

Courses for Graduates

- English 403. History of the English Language. 1 unit—10 MTWTFs. Smith
English 415. Middle English—Introduction to middle English dialects with special emphasis on the East Midland. 1 unit—11 MTWTF. Smith
English 446. Literature of the Eighteenth Century. 1 unit—8 MTWT. Rogers
English 491. Research in Special Topics (Thesis) Guidance in writing theses for advanced degrees. $\frac{1}{4}$ to 4 units.
English 439. Problems in American Literature and Cultural History. Studies in American Romanticism, 1800-1860. Prerequisite: At least a survey of American literature, or consent of instructor. 1 unit—7 a.m. MTWT Davidson
Rhetoric 480. The Theory and Practice of English Composition. An examination of modern prose style and a consideration of problems confronting writers and teachers of writing at the college level. Prerequisite: Consent of instructor. 1 unit—8-10 MTTF. Roberts

Course for Advanced Undergraduate

- Rhetoric 248. Teaching of English as a Foreign Language—Grammar. Methods and materials for teaching English grammar to students whose native language is not English. Prerequisite: Fulfillment of the language requirement in Liberal Arts and Sciences or its equivalent, and consent of instructor. 3 hours—8 MTWTF (plus additional hour). Brennan